

T. Gile, Quincy

Mechanic Apprentice.

Vol. I, No. 6.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

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50 cts. per year.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1845.

5 cts. per copy.

Written, edited, and printed by Apprentices, and published by the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association.

EDITORIAL.

Six months have now elapsed since the issue of our first number, and our paper again punctually makes its appearance. We congratulate our friends upon the success of our united efforts, and upon the fulfilment of the dismal forebodings of those who predicted for us a short life, if not a merry one. How far we have carried out the original design of our paper, we leave for our readers' decision, and assure them, that with every desire for, and trust in, the future profitable and happy continuance of our relations with each other, we shall proceed with renewed energy to the commencement of our labors for the ensuing half year.

OUR ASSOCIATION.

The reader will remember that in the last number of this paper we promised an article upon the benefits to be derived from a connection with the society of which it is the organ. That promise we now proceed to fulfil.

In the first place, we would speak of its direct instrumentality in improving the intellectual condition of its members. Setting aside the value of the library, of the advantages of which we treated in our last number, there is another auxiliary of the association, assuredly of no secondary importance in the mental culture of the young men who are to be found in our ranks. We allude to the Elocution Class, formed for the purpose of rendering its members practically acquainted with the various departments of intellectual exercise. The meetings of this class, held on the Friday evening of each week, form the principal attraction to the older members of the society, as does the library to the younger portion of our body. The exercises before the class consist of declamation, debate, extemporaneous speaking, and original composition. It must be seen at a glance that here is an opportunity for improvement on the most extended plan. Who that engages in such a variety of exercises, if he possess but the most moderate degree of intellectual capaci-

ty, can fail to be essentially benefitted by so doing? And they *are* so benefitted. We assert unhesitatingly, and on the experience which a number of years spent in the association has given us in such matters, that *no* individual who had participated in the various exercises of this class, ever left the association without feeling deeply his indebtedness to it as a means of intellectual and moral culture.

We will now say a few words upon the social feelings which are formed and strengthened by a connection with this association; and if that is the greatest blessing which furnishes the most happiness, then the opportunities found in this society for fostering the purest and best feelings of the heart, are indeed more priceless than rubies or the gems of the east. Here the mechanic apprentice, after the physical toil of the day is over, may repair, to meet individuals of the same condition in life, and form friendships which will endure long after he has ceased to be a member of the institution. What a wide sphere is here developed for the exercise of all the kindly and social feelings of his nature; for the cherishing of all those sentiments and attachments which make him a wiser, better, and, above all, a *happier* creature.

The reading department of the society, containing newspapers and magazines from all parts of the country, tends to encourage a social disposition in the members, and to generate in them a taste for the quiet but lasting joys of home and friends, rather than a desire for the ephemeral pleasures found amid scenes of revelry and dissipation.

We might continue our enumeration of the good effects resulting from a connection with our institution, until this little sheet were filled, but we think we have said enough to convince all that the association wields a mighty influence for good among that class of young men in the community for whose special benefit it is designed. Once more we appeal to you, dear reader, in whatever relation you may stand to the apprentice—as father, mother, brother, sister, or friend—to use your influence to induce him to become a member of the institution. There can be but few, if indeed any, individuals in the community who may not assist us in this way; and we press it seriously upon the attention of all.

If ye would not have the coming generations of mechanics as degraded as the feudal servitors of the olden time, if ye would not have them groveling with the worm when they should be soaring with the eagle, if, in fact, you would make them what God and nature designed them to be — *men*, rather than mere *machines* — then educate the apprentice to assume and maintain a position in life which shall be his glory and his pride. Hear Byron upon the power of the mind; and though neither you nor we, we trust, believe the *prophecy*, yet all must admit that the condition of the world at the present time is even as the noble poet describes it.

"What is that spell that thus the lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?
What should it be that thus their fate can bind?
The power of Thought — the magic of the Mind!
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the sun,
The many still must labor for the one!"

God forbid that this doom should for ever rest upon the children of earth; but the only remedy is to spread that knowledge which gives the power to one mind among the great mass of the community; to place the barrier of mutual education before the usurpation of the few upon the rights of the many.

In conclusion, we repeat: If you would place before the young man incentives to mental exertion, if you would elevate his tastes and draw forth to its full extent every noble and generous impulse of his heart, let him join the MECHANIC APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. "So mote it be."—Y.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER IV.

London, —.

MY DEAR HARRY:—During the past week I have been roaming among the churches of the metropolis, and I must confess that no objects which I have yet seen have presented a theme so prolific of reflection as this.

If we view Westminster abbey, its monuments call to mind numberless historical facts, the whole train of incidents which embellish the barbarous times previous to the fifteenth century, the beings, too, who have culled the flowers of poesy and strewn them along the paths of literature, where they now flourish with more than pristine beauty, their rich fragrance enticing men from the mire and slough of sensuality, and leading them on to the goal of mental improvement.

Let us turn to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, and we shall there see that art has lent her aid to preserve the memories of those who have been the means of destroying their thousands and tens of thousands of fellow-beings. What a poor, paltry ambition is that of marching an army or managing a fleet to the destruction of human life; an ambition, I trust, not to be heralded down to posterity by the

trumpet-voice of fame. Jesus of Nazareth, "the mighty Galilean youth who lived whole ages before his time," Aristotle, Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, are names which will be inscribed on the hearts of men when those of Alexander, Hannibal, Nelson, Napoleon, and Wellington shall have lived out their ephemeral existence and sunk into oblivion.

If we turn from these, and look around, we see a multitude of spires, eloquently marking, as has been said, the dwelling-place of God. But is he to be found nowhere but in those trackless paths in which the planets move? Cannot the evidences of the spirit of the universe be seen but in the mighty systems which the hand of science has but obscurely pointed out? Turn we to earth, that small speck upon the vast expanse of space, and is there nothing in it speaking as eloquently of the existence of a deity as in those distant suns and planets which we can behold, or in those other suns and planets that transcend our poor powers of vision? For my part, one single act of charity from man to man, or any useful discovery of science achieved by the mind, as eloquently points to a being of infinite wisdom as those distant worlds in the realms of space, of whose magnitude we can conceive but little.

Many ancient parochial churches still remain, monuments of architectural beauty; nothing more. Certainly, there may be seen every sabbath the surpliced clergymen and the clerk; and the services prescribed by the rubric of the church of England are still read, as of old: but alas! the worshippers are not there. As London increased in commerce, the dwelling-houses in those districts where the merchants resided were gradually transformed into warehouses, so that those parts which formerly sent full congregations to their respective churches, now scarcely suffice to send thither more than a mere nominal representation.

St. Paul's cathedral is in the same condition. Service is performed in this church every day in the week; but seldom is it that more than a score of people are seen within its walls, excepting on Sunday, and then the principal part of the congregation is attracted thither by curiosity, or from some other less worthy motive than a desire to perform a religious duty. Nearly all the cathedral churches in England are in a similar or still worse condition, and yet is the same enormous expenditure supported; an amount of wealth, which, if turned to a wise purpose — such, for instance, as the endowment of colleges, for affording education to those whose poverty debars them from availing themselves of the benefits to be derived from the more expensive ones which now exist — would be productive of as much real, substantial, genuine good, as it now excites jealousy, distrust, and just dissatisfaction, in the breasts of those who see no merit in an appropriation of public money, so skillfully contrived as to furnish excellent sinecures for the younger members of the aristocracy, without producing any real or proportionate benefit to the souls of men. Day after day the same monotonous routine is performed, the same faces seen, a minor canon reads the service, the organ peals forth its solemn tones, and the cloisters still echo them back in answering sound; but the seats are empty, excepting, perhaps, some two or three decrepid old women, pensioners on the bounty of the parish, who have been born and brought up in the belief that implicit faith in ministers whom mere men have placed over them, will ensure eternal life, and

whose narrow minds can never soar beyond these circumscribed limits.

Alas, for the church of England! When will men throw off the film that clouds their eyes? Surely not until they are educated, and are sufficiently enlightened to think for themselves. May God grant that a consummation so devoutly to be wished is near at hand! W. F.

OUR MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

In a community composed like our own of people of every grade of feeling and thought—from the profound scholar, who, from morning till night and often from night till morning, plods through his ancient volumes of classic lore, down to the man of business, who amid the cares and anxieties of trade can scarcely find time to scan hurriedly the contents of our daily press—it must be evident that literature will partake of a varied character. For it is one of the most distinguishing traits of our people as a nation, that every one reads—our extensive system of popular education having fostered in the inhabitants of at least the northern section of our country a desire to avail themselves of the written ideas of others. As a consequence of this variety of taste and feeling, the literature of our country has never obtained a distinct character in the eyes of the literary world; it is not purely philosophical, like that of the Germans, neither does it partake of the light and superficial nature which characterizes the writings of the French; but seems to accommodate itself to the requirements of all classes of readers. In our opinion, this should be regarded as an essentially redeeming feature. It is worse than useless to rail at one branch as superficial, and another as immoral, and denounce them both as evil in their tendencies, while at the same time we make no effort to elevate their standard and infuse better tastes into the minds of our people. Men are not all constituted alike; and it would indeed be surprising if they were all to turn naturally to that species of reading which was held to be, by our deepest thinkers or strictest moralists, of the most lasting benefit. In reading those books which are denounced as superficial or immoral, they are as much following the dictates of their natures, and oftentimes their reason, as those who pretend to lecture them on this subject. If, then, we take it for granted that such a species of literature must exist, and if, as we believe to be the opinion of many of our best reasoners, it be well that it should exist, the question arises: What measures will be the most efficacious in elevating its standard? It is the design of the present essay to treat only of one branch of the subject,—our periodical literature.

At no period in the history of our country has it been more prolific in the names of the authors of this species of composition. The cheap system of publication, and the absence of any international copyright law having operated so ruinously to the interests of American authors as to deter them, with but few exceptions, from competition with foreign reprints, there remained but one field open for the exercise of their abilities, namely, the periodicals of the day. In consequence, we see arrayed among this class of writers the names of Irving, Willis, Paulding, Cooper, Hoffman, Longfellow, and Simms, Mrs. Sigourney, Steavens, Welby, Sedgwick, and Child; names which would take the front rank in the literature of any country, and of

which we as a nation have good cause to be proud. All these, and more, are now constantly engaged in the service, and their productions appear under the auspices, of our periodical publishers and editors.

In view of these favorable circumstances, we think it must be evident that this is the favorable moment to strike in favor of a reform; for we think we can make it appear that a reform is needed. We have now eight monthly publications of a purely literary character. Of these, four, the Knickerbocker, Southern Literary Messenger, and the Democratic and American Reviews, depend solely upon their literary matter for their support, while the other four, Graham's, Godey's, the Columbian, and Ladies' National, magazines, furnish besides this numerous engravings, plates of fashions, and so forth. And now we will look at the comparative circulation of these publications. How stands the matter in that respect? While the first four keep plodding on with their two or three thousand subscribers each, the others are monthly boasting of their tens of thousands. While the Knickerbocker, which has been edited by the brightest name in our literary annals, and which, it is generally admitted, now well sustains the high reputation which it then acquired, is fain to be thankful for its meagre three thousand, Graham's magazine, which has scarcely seen ten years' existence, and which has until a recent period been a mere receptacle for lovesick stories and lackadaisical poetry, proudly lifts its head and tells of its thirty thousand. And why is this great disproportion? Is not the worth of the former equal to that of the latter? Does not the Knickerbocker contain every species of reading which might commend itself to the lovers of magazine literature? These questions have been already answered. The grand secret of the whole matter, (if that can be called a secret which must be apparent to the most common observation,) lies in the fact, that the proprietors of Graham's magazine introduce monthly into their production, plates of fashion and elegant engravings, as they are termed, and it is by thus dazzling the eyes of the less discriminating portion of the community, that they contrive so materially to extend their circulation. It is by this mongrel admixture of pictures and paltry poetry that they are enabled to draw off from the older and better-conducted magazines that support to which their high literary character justly entitles them.

It may be said in reply, that these picture periodicals often present to their readers matter of a high order of merit; and we will admit that an article of sterling worth occasionally finds its way into their columns. But such occurrences are few and far between, and the money paid for them bears no comparison to that expended in the purchase of engravings. Let the publishers of these magazines but leave the prints and engravings to be caught up by the makers of gift-books, to whom they properly belong, and devote the money which they now expend in their purchase to the procuring of articles of real value, for the benefit of their readers. Let them apply the sums which they receive from their tens of thousands of subscribers to the encouragement of true native talent, and thus benefit both reader and author, and in so doing, elevate the standard of our literature until it attains its proper level. Then may we hope to possess a magazine literature which will command respect in the eyes of the world. M.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

A short one, it is true; but since it may be interesting to those who, (like myself, until lately,) have never visited "the great city," I will endeavor to transcribe a few of my impressions during a week's hasty travel within and around its precincts. Having some business to transact which would occupy a part of my time in that city, I determined to take as much advantage as possible of my necessarily short stay there, and to endeavor to get a general view of the city and its environs. Big with this determination, I started from the Boston terminus of the Providence Railroad, one Saturday evening, about the middle of last August, and rattled along in the cars very pleasantly toward my destination. Steam, after all, even on the railroad, is not so uncomfortable an agent for locomotive purposes as some very delicate individuals would represent it to be. For my part, I should prefer the eternal jar and rattle of the cars far before the villainous jumbling and jolting of the stage conveyance. Compare the two modes of travelling together; and if there is not less noise, there is certainly less pain-producing motion in the former than the latter is subject to. And then, consider the swiftness with which the one travels — think of the free spirit that seems for the time being to be infused into the breast of him who is speeding on, in proud defiance of time, space, and every obstacle — think, too, of the feeling of nearness to one's destination, perchance to the dearest and best friends we have in the world, which is to the impatience of the affection-seeking traveler, like cooling balsam to the hot wound of the sleepless sufferer. Think of all this, and surely we can overlook a little smoke, a little noise, ay, and a little danger too.

But I will not weary my readers any longer with this digression from the right track, nor with any attempt at a discourse concerning our passage or the passengers. The fact is, that the country on either side of the route to Providence is by no means an interesting one, (at least, it seemed not so to me;) and my fellow-travelers were, as travelers mostly are, very ordinary sort of people. It may be, indeed, that I am but a very ordinary observer, and therefore could perceive no very peculiar characteristic in the language or the physiognomy of those with whom my lot was for a short time cast; but, be this as it may, I have no doubt that I shall willingly be excused from any dilatation in that direction. Suffice it to say, that we arrived safely at — no, *on one side of* Providence, just before the shades of evening closed upon us. I looked in vain for any signs of the town; for the railroad station at that place is so nicely located on its very furthest outskirts, that it is only when one gets on board the steamboat, and finally clear away into deeper and wider water, that any appearance of a collection of houses becomes manifest. I embarked on board the Neptune, "*Independent Opposition*" boat, as her agents style her, and, after a little delay, we cast loose our moorings and bore away for the Sound.

And here, by the way, let me beg of my readers, for my sake, for their own, and for the sake of their pockets above all, to be sure and patronise opposition boats, of whatever kind, whenever they are called upon to travel. What exercise is to the body, is competition to these railroad and steamboat corporations. It makes them more alert, and more assiduous in promoting the comfort of those who travel by their agency. It compels them to take

down their fares to a reasonable rate, and, in brief, it causes them, vulgarly speaking, "to toe the mark" on all occasions. And if it be true, as associationists tell us, that the prevailing feature in the present state of society is competition, and of the one which they advocate, cooperation, then, surely, we, or, at least, those of us who deem our social relations just ones, should endeavor to promote as much as possible the development of the principle upon which they are founded; that its effects may speak out for it, and demonstrate the stability of the foundation upon which those relations rest.

Dull as was my railroad journey, it was by no means more so than that which I was now entering upon. Our passage through the narrow inlet into which Narragansett bay degenerates long before its waters reach Providence, was altogether uninteresting. Darkness, too, began to set in, and soon I was unconscious of any scene but that of the two very contiguous lines of coast on either side, low and sandy, and broken up into islands, points, and inlets. At length we reached Newport, or *Last-port*, as I called it, for it seemed to be situated on the utmost verge of the land, and shortly after our departure from thence I was warned by the fast receding lines of coast, the increasing sea, and what I *fancied* to be the deeper and stronger stroke of the engines, that I was nearer Old Ocean than I had been for some time past. However, I quietly dropped into my berth, and endeavored to get a little sleep; and so I did get it — a very little indeed — for the tremble of the timbers of a steam-vessel is by no means an incentive to hard snoring, when experienced by your *in-experienced* landmen. So I turned out, at what hour of the night I know not, and was apprized by the near sight of land again that we were just entering the Sound. I continued walking the deck, hour by hour, until the land merged on each side into a long-continued and distant line of coast; when the dreary monotony of the scene worked me into such a pitch of desperation, that I determined to get some sleep, at whatever cost. This time I succeeded, and turned not out again until about five o'clock the next morning, when, after making my toilet, not forgetting to have my shoes blacked by the "colored gentleman" who takes charge of that department, I rushed upon deck, with the full anticipation of entering New York in a few hours.

Sunday morning — and a *sunny* Sunday morning, too; there are few pleasanter times and seasons than this. I thought so then, as I looked upon the fair prospect before me, and I think so now, as I reflect upon the delightful sensations which I then experienced. Though we were at the distance of several hours' voyage from New York still, yet we kept watching as we swept by point after point of our somewhat tortuous course, almost expecting every moment to see the great city before us; and yet the scene was so pleasant, that the remainder of our voyage, in consequence of the delightful nature of our feelings, seemed to pass away in an infinitely small space of time. The fair sunlight glittered upon the water, and its genial influence seemed to lend beauty to each portion of the scene as we passed by. The sound had narrowed so as almost to resemble a river — the banks clothed with trees, and here and there rising up into soft grass-covered hills, surmounted by white cottages. Sometimes we would pass by what seemed to be a bay, running into the receding land, and inviting us to

explore its picturesque shores. Island after island, point after point, headland after headland we passed by, until the passage became narrower and narrower; in some places, as we neared the city, not much more than a good stone's-throw across. A few miles from New York, we came in sight of a fine-looking building, large and spacious, and fit even to grace the streets of a great city; and which we were told, however justly I know not, was intended for a poor or alms house. It seemed as yet incomplete, and bore the appearance more of a European nobleman's mansion, than an asylum for the poor. Further on, upon a long and low island, we came in sight of Blackwell's Island prison. And prison-like it was, sure enough, with its narrow, barred windows, its dirty white front, and its utter innocence of all beauty. Most of us were strangers to New York, and were puzzled a great deal to find out the names of the places which we passed—the alms house that I have mentioned utterly baffled our speculation—but as soon as we came in sight of the building last described, every one exclaimed, without any hesitation, "that's Blackwell's Island prison." And so it was; and when we shot past, we turned our backs upon it without one parting regret.

Long before this, we had all been wondering where Hell Gate was; and, since it was high water when we past it, I cannot to this hour describe its exact locality. For a long distance through the Narrows, near the places which I have been describing, the course of the water seems to be troubled, and it eddies and circles about as if some principle of repulsion were at work, separating the globules which form this mass of water. At one point, in particular, where we passed between two rocks, and which I had reason to believe was the veritable Hell Gate itself, the eddy in the water imparted a perceptible trembling motion to the boat, although so slight that it *may* have been only fancy. The water altogether looked as though it were ruffled by some passing breeze, and reminded me forcibly of the quivering of the leaves of the aspen tree.

After leaving behind us all these scenes, we at length passed a turn in the narrow channel, and New York, far before us, lay in sight; looking like a huge wall of low houses, rising from the water's edge; seeming to lie directly in front, and to bar our progress beyond. But as we reached it this appearance wore off, and the further extent of the channel became apparent. We next came in sight of another thickly built upon district, on the other side. We strangers all exclaimed, "Brooklyn," but, upon inquiry, we found that it was a place of the existence of which we had previously no knowledge, namely, Williamsburgh; Brooklyn lying further on. We had only reached the easterly end of New York city, and a great distance yet remained to be traversed before we were round to the Battery. Williamsburgh bore a great resemblance to New York on this short acquaintance, the only difference being that it was less thickly settled, and trees and open spaces were more numerous. The almost entire absence of those white wooden houses that form one the greatest ornaments of a country town, struck me rather unpleasantly, and since New York, although no better off in that respect, deserved greater regard, as being so large a city, I turned again to that side of the water. I was very much disappointed, or, rather, displeased, at the flat, level appearance which that city presents. In this

respect Boston has decidedly the advantage over her sister city; for however obnoxious Beacon hill may be to the beasts of burden that daily traverse it, it certainly, aided by the exalted State house, is a great enhancement to the beauty of this city's appearance. New York, however, can boast of no such eminence, and the consequence is, that, except an occasional church steeple, nothing can be seen from the water but an extended and low-settled range of houses.

As we passed on toward the Battery, the ships became more numerous, and soon we were obliged to confess that in this particular Boston remained far behind. A perfect forest of masts rose from the water, and gave us some idea of the extensive commerce for which New York is so celebrated. By and by we passed the Great Britain *mast-odon* steamship, (as she has been christened by some wag.) It certainly was a noble sight—its six masts and its gigantic proportions evidently bespeaking it a vessel "of a larger growth" than the ordinary run even of leviathan steamers. It being Sunday, the crowds of persons who were daily visiting her were not then on board, but a little knot of anxious inquirers were standing on the end of the wharf, seemingly lost in astonishment at the wonder before them. Well, we passed on, and directed our attention again to the other side of the channel, where lies Brooklyn, extending far along the shore until it reaches beyond the point opposite the Battery, where the wide harbor expands in full greatness before the eyes of the beholder. Brooklyn bears about the same relation to New York as East Boston does to Boston, their relative situation and distance from each other being as much as possible the same. There are however, in consequence of its much greater extent and population, several ferries there, each possessing the advantage of two steamboats, the charge being but two cents. At the point opposite to the Battery, the city is built upon rather high ground, where I observed some very pretty and substantial dwelling-houses, besides other handsome structures, giving it a very respectable and handsome appearance.

Just past Brooklyn, in the harbor, and exactly opposite the Battery, is Governor's island, with its fort, very much like forts in general: this island interposes itself between this part of the channel and the harbor, so that we seemed almost shut in from the latter; but soon we shot past this obstacle, and the Battery on the other side, and after various manœuvres, in which the hauling of ropes and casting loose of the same bore a very conspicuous part, we were safely moored alongside the Independent Opposition New York and Providence Steam boat wharf.

W.

CURIOUS FACTS IN MECHANICS AND CHEMISTRY.

If seven wheels be fixed on axles, each wheel being of the same size as the others, and the circumference of each wheel being ten times that of its axle: then, if the first wheel be connected with the axle of the second, the second wheel with the axle of the third, and so on through the whole series, by bands: by turning the first wheel round once, by means of a crank, the second will revolve 10, the third 100, the fourth 1,000, the fifth 10,000, the sixth 100,000, the seventh 1,000,000 times, and so on. Supposing the first wheel to be turned

round once in a second of time, then in an hour the seventh would revolve 3,600,000,000 times. Again, supposing the circumference of each wheel to be one foot, then, by the conditions above mentioned, while the first revolved once, a point in the circumference of the seventh would travel in its circular motion through the distance of 1,000,000 feet, equal to 189 miles and 2080 feet.

We do not mean to say that this could be done under ordinary circumstances, as the resistance of the air on the swifter wheels, as well as the friction, would be immense. To remedy this, a heavy weight might be fixed to the axle of the first, the weight then wound up, the series of wheels enclosed in a vacuum, and the weight suffered to unwind therein. To avoid friction, a stream of oil might be kept pouring on the axles of the swifter wheels.

By reversing the above process, it would, of course, take 1,000,000 turns of the seventh, to accomplish one of the first wheel. Suppose each revolution to take one second, it would take 1,000,000 seconds for the first to turn round once; which is equal to about 11 days and a half, of 24 hours each.

Vinegar, or the acid of vinegar, called acetic acid, Sugar, and Alcohol — substances so much unlike each other in taste, smell, and appearance — are found by analysis to be each compounded of the same elements, namely, oxygen gas, hydrogen gas, and carbon, or charcoal; the different combination of elements in each one, serving to make a totally different substance from the others. Thus, it has been found that vinegar contains more oxygen, and alcohol more hydrogen, than sugar. These substances, also, by losing or gaining some of these elements, are changed into each other during the process of fermentation.

Common Salt, with which all are so familiar, is composed of elements known to but few; these are Sodium, a metal which inflames when thrown upon water, and a suffocating and poisonous gas, known by the name of Chlorine Gas, and used in bleaching. If a piece of this metal be put into a vessel containing the gas, it immediately inflames, unites with the chlorine, and chloride of sodium, or dry common salt is thus produced, by the union of the two.

E. A. H.

WANDERINGS,

BY A WANDERER.

CHAPTER VI.

Fairhaven, whether it takes its name from its pleasant location or from its neat and quiet, (neat and quiet so far as it came under my observation,) village, is rightly named. It was, as I have before remarked, formerly a part of New Bedford; it is about a mile from the latter place, and is connected with it by a bridge. The dwelling-houses on the upper part of the town are very pleasantly situated, presenting a neat and uniform appearance; some with open palisades, enclosing their pretty gardens, tastefully arranged.

Its business, like that of New Bedford, is principally the whale fishery. There are here the Fairhaven Bank, an Insurance Office, Academy, Schools, several Churches, and so forth. The village of Oxford is within sight, but I had no opportunity of visiting it.

I walked through the main street, enjoying the strange sights and sounds, until I had passed the precincts of the village; then, making a circuit through by-ways, passing cottages, with their usual collection of flaxen-headed children hovering about the doors, ranging in size with a most mysterious regularity — the tallest, in all cases, being allowed priority in years — I encountered an oil factory, with an *un-usual* redolence of fish oil in the different stages of its manufacture, sending up an odor which was very unlike the

“breath of fragrant gales,
And spicy boughs,”

causing me to place a sudden and effectual stopper upon the further action of my olfactory nerves, until I had gained several points to the windward of the building; when, releasing my nose from its confinement, I poured out my feelings in the language of Falstaff, in his sad dilemma in the buck-basket: “*There, Master Brook, was the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril.*”

A walk of some ten or fifteen minutes brought me to “the Point,” the only house upon which, is occupied by the keeper of the fort. The fort stands at the entrance, and has complete command of New Bedford harbor: it is a semi-circular redoubt, of stone work, with a steep embankment outside, mounting ten long guns, called *long nines*. I can not, nay, I will not, take an oath that I am right with regard to the matter of name, for I am no artilleryman, either practically or theoretically; yet, by what name soever called, I have no doubt that they would prove regular *smokers*. Small piles of cannon balls stood by the side of each gun, and a large pile, of several hundred, in the centre of the fort. There is an excellent view of New Bedford from this place, and, being opposite the town, the same view is seen as on the approach by water. In the opposite direction lies the broad ocean, over which the eye may roam without finding an object to arrest its course, until “the water meets the sky.” Standing in the centre of the fort, with the implements of warfare around me, it is not surprising that visions of gunpowder and honor should take possession of the castle of my brain, causing reason to lay down her *arms* and take to her *legs*. Shouldering my umbrella, and inflating myself to that degree of phrenzy which is in a constant state of effervescence in the breast of the youthful aspirant for military honors, I stood sentry at the wicket gate, to the tremendous astonishment of a crowd of — a little boy and girl, at the entrance. (This peculiar feeling, which I have called *phrenzy*, is generally denominated *military ardor*.) Retreating from the fort by a brilliant escalade, I strolled along the beach, amusing myself by watching the surf, the rolling, tumbling, dashing surf — ay, that laughing water-sprite, the surf!

Bounding along; now over a bed of pebbles, and shells of variegated colors — now winding its way between the rocks, or leaping over them in its onward course, dashing high up the glistening spray, which is borne back by the wind to its original element, again to dash up and — so on, *ad infinitum*; or unrolling itself, like a map, over the clear, sandy beach, spreading a line of silvery foam along the whole extent, and then receding, as if to gather new strength for the attack — laughing on its way, while I laughed in unison. (Our poetry is *nearly* exhausted.) Wholly unconscious of all material

and mundane existence, lost, indeed, to the world and to myself, I was borne away

"high up in upper air,"

by those glowing inspirations, lofty imaginations, poetic breathings, and apt quotations from the classics, opportune to the occasion, which any devout idolater at the shrine of the ideal would naturally breathe, quote, or imagine. (Our poetry is *entirely* gone, and we *are* faint.)

I also collected quite a number of shells and stones for my *cabinet of curiosities*: I call it by that name. It is a (*soap*) box, with a square perforation in the cover, into which is neatly fitted a piece of glass, which I obtained by *accidentally* breaking our kitchen window; the whole arrangement is a curiosity in itself.

Reader, have you a cousin, a bright-eyed, laughing, ringleted cousin? one whose merry laugh at a joke perpetrated at your expense suffices to give you a fit of the ague?

"Sisters — we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a *cousin's* — a different thing."

Ah, gentle reader! such a one was my wicked cousin —; and never shall I forget the anguish of soul that I experienced, when, lost to the consequences which would inevitably ensue, I led the way up three flights of stairs, and, with my conscious pride of heart painted on my countenance, triumphantly pointed out to *her* my modest cabinet, which was

"Wasting its sweetness on the desert air,"

of an attic; at the same time indulging a fallacious hope that she would bestow commendations and flattery on me and it — on me, for my taste in the collection and arrangement; on it, for its extreme intrinsic elegance and beauty.

I watched the expression of her countenance, that I might be assured in my supposition — but no — anticipating the storm which was to burst upon my devoted head, I nerved my soul for the issue.

That homely proverb, "Tis the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken," is a solemn truth, and I stand a living example of it. With the index finger of her left hand aiming at my eye, and the same flexible member of the opposite hand pointing at the box, she burst into a merry laugh, and I — oh! — but I will say no more.

TO THE WEATHER-CHIDER.

Why, discontented, ever chide

The weather, and the season;

Why rail at each one in its turn?

"Your reason, come, your reason!"

Winter, with its fireside bright,

Springtime, with its flowers,

Summer, with its sunny length

Of pleasure-laden hours,

And Autumn, with its clear, blue sky,

Its cloudless, rainless weather —

Instead of cursing each in turn,

Why, why not altogether?

O! be assured that each has joys

The other brings not here;

That some attendant pleasure waits

Each season of the year.

W.

THOUGHTS' GLIMMERINGS.—No. II.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

We like not the habitual motive-judger, the professed arbiter of right, the accustomed exponent of propriety and true character. We esteem not him who forgets that our career in life is greatly controlled by the circumstances which surround us, and with which we are daily brought in contact — and that our actions are influenced according as these circumstances affect our individual wishes and customary pursuits. Neither do we care to hold frequent communion with him who has not charity to bear with the infirmities incident to our natures, nor can hear the honest truth, though sometimes spoken with bluntness.

Friendship with him, who, self constituted dictator, presumes to point the line of conduct, mark the bearing, and censure the words of those with whom he associates, believing himself always truthful and never erring in his discrimination, exists but in the semblance of regard, never ripening into confidence or removing contempt and distrust from the breast. *Sympathy* with him who sports with misfortune, thoughtlessly lacerates the soul already wounded with anguish, or lays the withering lash of inconsiderate ridicule upon the yet subdued spirit, should have no place in our bosoms.

But why speak of him to whom we all deny fellowship? It is because we are prone to forget private virtues, to judge too carelessly the motive and the intention; denying *any* purity of purpose in the heart of him who provokes our suspicion. The world seems full of this petty jealousy. Let but success attend our nearest acquaintance, and evil report follows in his career; let honor, however justly due, be bestowed, and calumny, with its poisoned breathings, searches out and bedims the most widely-scattered sun-beam of his fame. If proud distinction wreathes garlands for his brow, envy is ever prompt to place its hidden thorns amid the gladsome clustering of the roses; if private ambition, worthy or unworthy, be frustrated, or its possessor's aims seem retarded or his claims unacknowledged, even though most undesignedly, then will the venom of personal hatred, disguised in the ill-becoming garb of smiling friendship, gangrene the social intercourse and the accustomed greeting.

Do we portray too darkly? Alas! the instances are too numerous, and are presented too vividly to the mind, for us to doubt their truthfulness. But we would not that it should be thus. Is there not enough of noble worth in the human mind — are there not attributes which it possesses, proud principles engrafted in it, which should destroy petty suspicions and unmanly jealousies? Cannot honest difference of opinion be borne, or success not our own beheld, without question of the motives which prompted the course pursued? Wide as the universe, and varied as the ever-enduring monuments of its creation, is the mind of man; Thought, like the brilliant streakings of the morning light, scans space in a twinkling, and, as the glowing sunbeams of later day, penetrates dark recesses and hidden depths, where the eye is ever denied admittance; always active, never ceasing in its inquiries, worlds and atoms alike are the subjects of its research, and the soul is benefitted by its unremitting exertion! Why wonder we then at the ever-varying opinions of men? and more, why *judge* we that mysterious

action of the mind, which never can be fathomed or explained? As thought is exercised, so does the thinker receive different impressions, which prompt his course, fashion his will, form his opinion, and mark the man.

But here is no cause for personal difference, and should give rise to no envious feeling of superiority. The result of this mental formation is but one of the workings of the vast, grand, omnipotent *design*, matured by the Creator, and enjoyed equally by the humblest as well as the most gifted of the human race. Whether unison of purpose or independence of action be the consequence of this all-wise organization of the mental powers, we are the same in the scale of creation and humanity. Hence we should pardon the seeming want of unity of thought which marks our fellows, and judge their motives only as enlightened sense and reason will allow — *by the goodness of the heart*. Throw away suspicion, and let unalloyed good will and cordial sympathy gladden the intercourse and prompt the action. Bear with baffled hopes; and though the distinction sought be not easily acquired, yet will a cheerful pursuit hasten the consummation which will at last surely reward the deserving.

C. W. S.

A FISH STORY.

"Egad! I've caught a gudgeon!" — *Comic Almanac*.

I have often seen men catch fish, but only once in my life have I *seen* a fish catch a man; although I have *heard* of Jonah, and the like. It was on the shore of lake Ontario, where I happened to see some men fishing with a seine. They were just hauling it in as I arrived, and as it dragged very heavily, they anticipated a pretty rich spoil. The most common species caught at this place are white fish and herrings; but sometimes a salmon or a sturgeon is captured, which latter fish is often of a very large size, sometimes even approaching eight feet in length. As the seine came nearer the shore, a great commotion appeared to be going on within it, and, on close examination, the dark form of a huge sturgeon became plainly visible. Now Mr. Sturgeon, beginning to perceive that the limits of his territory were rapidly contracting, and probably not exactly fancying the idea, (if sturgeons may be said to have ideas,) of a sudden and inconvenient change from dense to rare, after making a great squabble, turned to the right about face, and commenced beating a retreat in double quick time through the netting. But, however, the fish did not escape quite so soon as he seemed to have reason to anticipate, for a negro man who had been watching the sport, and whose very soul, ("a negro has a soul, an' t please your honor," said my uncle Toby,) revolted at the thought of so ignominious a loss, leaped upon the back of the sturgeon, and thrust his hands under the fish's gills; thinking to get a good hold, and secure him. The sturgeon, enraged at this indignity, and probably feeling, under the circumstances, a little ticklish, instantly clapped down his jaws upon the darky's hands and held them there as tight as a vice. Away went sturgeon and negro, fish and flesh, floundering about, over and under, in and out, both struggling for the mastery; and the bystanders were so convulsed with laughter, that any aid from them was utterly out of the question. Finally, however, the colored

gentleman got the ascendancy, and they both rolled on the shore together; Mr. Darky looking, in consequence of over exertion, doubtless, decidedly black in the face, although he protested that he felt "berry pale." R.

TO EMELINE.

Would that I owned the power, fair girl, to place
Upon this page a record of thy worth,
In which I might, in glowing numbers, trace
Beauties which give the dearest charm to earth!

Not thine a mind which courts a flatterer's praise;
(Too many such with eagerness are sought;)
Not thine the wish to bask in Fashion's blaze,
Not thine a merely gilded gem of thought!

Not in thy truthful heart is reared a shrine
To which Frivolity its offerings brings —
Where Sentiment should all resplendent shine —
Where Pride's dark, poisonous weed should
never cling!

But he who trusts his heart and faith to thee,
Ne'er in a truer bosom could confide;
Of thy affection he might prouder be
Than of all wealth, fame, power, to him allied!

For in thy heart beams bright the thrilling glow
Of tenderest Love — sweet, gentle, fervent, dear!
And of that lovelier sympathy for woe
Which mocks the world's unnerving, chilling
sneer!

O, may you never know the deadening blight
Which oft o'ercasts a tender heart like thine;
But may the splendor of thy love's rich might
Illume life's path, and ever round it shine!

X.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening, October 5, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. WILLIAM H. BRIDGE to Miss Eliza Ann Dodge; Mr. GEORGE ROSS to Miss Susan Amelia Briggs, all of Boston.

In West Roxbury, on same evening, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. JOHN CURTIS, Jr., to Miss Marian A. Fuller, both of this city.

We have the pleasure this month of chronicling the change of three of our past members from a state of single blessedness (?) to the life Benedictine. Our best wishes go with them in their new and responsible station; and we can but believe, that if they prove as faithful in the performance of their several duties as when connected with this association, success and happiness will ever attend them.—Y.

LECTURES!

The winter course of lectures before the association will commence on Tuesday evening, Nov. An introductory lecture to the course is expected on that evening from WILLIAM S. STUDLEY, a past and honorary member of the association. It is confidently believed that the course will be, at least, fully equal, if not superior, to any which have preceded it. The lectures will be free to the public, who are invited to attend.